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at Rome, was constantly frequented by a youth just entering manhood, named Donatello Count de Monte-Beni. Kenyon could conceive of no one more amiable than this young Italian, who, nevertheless, was endowed with no great beauty nor great intellectual gifts, and whose education seemed in certain respects to have been deplorably neglected. As soon as he appears, the studio is *en fête*, all hearts expand, and the beautiful Miriam, a young English girl with whom he is in love, strives to entertain him with the most amusing pleasantries. The charm of his personality is due to his perfect candor and to the profound moral security which his ignorance of evil permits. Nothing occurs to destroy the equilibrium of his nature; ignorant of shame, he ignores human respect and gives himself up in the midst of Roman society to impulses of inoffensive gaiety with no more thought than a young hare in the alleys of a park or a young deer in the shades of its native forest. He is, in every sense of the expression, a child of nature, a young antique wood ranger, and so much so that through the habit of so regarding him, his friend in the studio had at length come to detect a certain resemblance to the Faun of Praxiteles. 'Approach, young companion of Pan,' said Miriam to him one day, 'in order that we may know if you have the furry ears of your brothers and cousins of the forests.' Now, strange to say, Donatello had pointed ears and slightly furred. The sculptor Kenyon had repeatedly expressed a desire to model his bust; but before he could accomplish his purpose the opportunity passed away. The existence of fauns is short in these days, even in Italy, the country of their predilection; they soon lose, in our complicated societies, their good nature and their naïve simplicity. A few days had scarcely elapsed since Miriam had verified the marks of Donatello's consanguinity with the rural divinities, when, through love of her, he committed a crime. A personage of an equivocal character, whom the author leaves in a veil of mystery, and whose secret motives he does not care to explain, pursues Miriam with an assiduity as importunate and threatening as if prompted by remorse and vengeance. Upon a look of Miriam, Donatello causes him to suffer the punishment of antiquity by precipitating him from the summit of the Tarpeian Rock. As soon as the act is accomplished, the Faun nature begins to disappear; the germs of a new man are planted in him by crime, and they gradually develop. The aspects of the joyous creature in whom the lost innocence and simplicity of the primitive age had revived were gone forever. When the sculptor Kenyon modelled his bust, he was struck with terror before the image he reproduced so faithfully. With moral anguish the face had lost its repose; in place of the thoughtless physiognomy of a joyous youth, his fingers had molded the energetic countenance of a corrupted man."

Literary Record.

WOODS AND WATERS; OR, THE SARANACS AND RACKET. (Illustrated.)
By Alfred B. Street. M. Doolady, New York.

Here we have the history, and an entertaining one it is, of how a party of gentlemen, calling themselves the Saranac Club, spent the summer in that wild region of New York State called the Adirondacks. In this vast region the solitude of nature has been intruded upon only by the trapper and sportsman. So delightful a companion as Mr. Street could not fail to give us an instructive description of the topography of the country, its lakes, the fish with which they abound, and the animals that

roam the forest and invite the sportsman. What we most admire in this volume is Mr. Street's intense appreciation of scenery, and the enthusiasm with which he enters into the wild sports peculiar to the regions he describes. According to him, there is more real enjoyment, more that refines and vigorates the intellect, to be found in the heart of the forest than at our fashionable watering places. And it is to be had at a much less cost, to say nothing of wear and tear of character. How they camped, what they did at morning and evening, how they hunted, how they cooked their venison, what adventures they had with bears, and what strange habits the creatures of the forest have, are all related with a free and flowing style, and bear testimony of the author's genial heart. If Mr. Street fails at all, it is when he rushes at sentiment. But even then he is entertaining. When he tells us how he sported with the finny tribes, and what delicious breakfasts they afforded his party, he excites our envy. We have rarely met so pleasant a companion as this book, which will do to read anywhere and in any weather—in spite of the engravings.

THE POEMS OF GENERAL GEORGE P. MORRIS. (In blue and gold.)
Charles Scribner, New York.

We little thought that the gallant general, the hero of so many victories, would have got into a livery of blue and gold. With his songs, not his sword, has our gallant General won all his victories, and they have been over the hearts of the people, who love him for the sweetness and tenderness of his strains. He is our Campbell, and his songs have touched their hearts, and softened them with harmony. We wanted just such a volume of his poems. Our sons and daughters can now treasure it in remembrance of one who has done much to elevate and refine the social and intellectual relations of life.

MOUNT VERNON PAPERS. By Edward Everett. New York, D. Appleton & Company.

These papers, so instructive and full of useful information, first appeared in the New York Ledger, and were classed by several cunning critics, who entertain very large opinions of themselves and very small ones of others, as "Ledger Literature." There are some men in the world who know so much that they are jealous lest others get a little of it, and are always ready to quarrel with those who act up to the dictates of their own conscience in doing good. This narrow spirit has been manifested toward Mr. Everett in an unusual degree. Fault is found with Mr. Everett for the simplicity of his style, and because he did not sandwich his sentences with Latin and Greek. Fault is found with him because in doing a laudable act, he chose the *Ledger* for a vehicle, and condescended to make himself understood by the masses. Fortunately this is a free country, and the people are the best judges of what they most need to improve their social and intellectual condition. In these papers Mr. Everett addresses himself to the common understanding, and instead of being censured for the skill of his workmanship, deserves praise for the goodness of his motive. The amount of useful instruction contained in these papers will prove their strongest protection against the attacks that have been made upon them.

NEMESIS. (A Novel.) By Marion Harland. Derby & Jackson, New York.

We have here a novel with the plot exceedingly well constructed, and developed with considerable ingenuity. Many of the characters, too, are well drawn. But they are for the most part either knaves, intent on crushing the poor, or proud, un-